

The Lost Generation: Spartans Unknown

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Summary: Seventeen years after the start of the Spartan II project, an even less well known project is begun, Spartan Gen. 2.5. Seen as a total failure by everyone involved, the files are deemed to never see the light of day. The only surviving subject understands that it was far more successful than its creators could have hoped, Ryan-421.

Rated T for typical Halo violence and language

1. Prologue

****Hello! This is my first Halo fanfic so CONSTRUCTIVE criticism is appreciated. Not terribly Canon but I wanted to try something new. So without further adoo...****

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><p>As the smoke swirls around me on the battle field, I can hear the rapid fire of Battle rifles and smell the stench of plasma-<p>

burned flesh. To my left I see the flash of an energy sword. Instinctively, I raise my own, taken from the body of one of my

fallen guards after mine was lost, to block it. With a hiss and a crackle they come together, and the immense strength of

the Sangheili behind the blow becomes evident. However, it is not I who stumbles from the recoil of the blades but he, for

there are few Sangheili who can match my strength. The strength of a Spartan born and raised by human hands, but

trained and battle tested by the greatest Sanheilians of the Covenant.

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><p>I do NOT own Halo(cool as that would be).

****The Chapters will be getting longer and revised as I go along so bear with me please. Any and all reviews are greatly appreciated! Feel free to point out any spelling errors as well.****

2. Chapter 1

****Hello! This is my first Halo fanfic so CONSTRUCTIVE criticism is appreciated. Not terribly Canon but I wanted to try something new. So without further adoo...****

* * *

><p>Coughing, I see my cryo tube begin to open but the blurry shapes that I see beyond make no sense in my cloudy brain. Even more disconcerting is that when the chamber fully opens is that I, with all of my speed and strength, cannot keep from falling to my hands and knees before the Elites that opened my chamber.<p>

Immediately, I attempt to rise, but no air fills my lungs when I breathe, and my situation does not improve when one of the elites places a foot on my back and manages to force me to the floor. Not comprehending how my strength could have deserted me so quickly and completely, I try and look at the ship around me but even this simple motion proves a challenge, as black spots gather before my eyes and I finally understand.

Nearly all of the atmosphere has vented from the ship through a hole blasted by the covenant cruiser that is currently the only thing between me and a painful death, using its shields to seal the gaping hole. The Elite not currently standing on me steps forward and lands a powerful blow to the back of my head, leaving me with only the most tenuous grasp on consciousness. It is then as he prepares to kill me with his sword that the other speaks.

"Wait! This is no way for a warrior to die", he implored.

"Have you lost your mind?!", the other replied, "This is obviously one of their demons, even if it is not wearing its armor. Better to kill it now, or have you forgotten the multitudes of our brothers that have fallen to these beasts?"

"No, none of us will ever forget that, but no warrior deserves to die in this state whether they walk the path or not. Even you cannot deny that this being is deserving ;though I stand on it with my full weight and no air fills its lungs, it still struggles to stand and fight. Besides, I'm sure the Prophets would want to see the only Demon we have taken alive. Then it will die", proclaimed the first Elite.

"Fine, but I will have nothing to do with this plan of yours, this borders on heresy", cried the other.

"The least you can do is finding its armor. That we can certainly learn from, but do it quickly, there is scant atmosphere left already", ordered the first.

My mind was so foggy that I barely understood their conversation, and then the Elite moved his foot from my back to my neck and pressed.

Weak as I was from cryo and the extreme lack of oxygen, a Spartan is no push over. I struggled to heave the Elite's weight off of me, but that only quickened the inevitable. My vision rapidly fading, I manage to twist my head around. Catching a glimpse of the label on my cryo-tube, I read Ryan-124, somehow knowing it is the last time I will be called that for a very long time.

My body can no longer fight the blackness and I let myself fall into it.

* * *

><p>I do NOT own Halo(cool as that would be), just Ryan, my OC.

The Chapters will be getting longer and revised as I go along so bear with me please. Any and all reviews are greatly appreciated! Feel free to point out any spelling errors as well.

3. Chapter 2: What just happend?

First off, I know that this chapter is WAY longer than the previous one, but this is much cloaser to my average length goal if a bit longer tha planned... Any how, back to Ryan's story.

**Also, I don't own Halo (as cool as that would be). **

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><p>Coughing and disoriented, I awaken to a nasty surprise. Confused as to why I am not in Cryo-sleep and with my senses dulled, I stand and survey my surroundings, still wearing my armor's under suit as I had in cryo. Three opalescent walls surround me and the fourth is a wall of semi-transparent red energy.<p>

Starting, the events of my rude awakening on the UNSC Dauntlass come flooding back and I immediately go into high alert, understanding that I must be on a Covenant ship. Cautiously, I approach the red wall and hear that it emits a faint hum, confirming my assumption that it is an energy shield. Looking through it is difficult even for my enhanced eyesight, but I can see that beyond lies a hall connecting other chambers like mine. I hear two grunts talking in their strange chittering language farther off, but nothing living seems to be near my cell.

Taking a step back from the energy wall, I ball up my fist and raise my arm, wanting to see just how tough this shield really is. Suddenly in an oddly accented and grating voice I hear, "I wouldn't try that if I were you demon."

Startled, I look through the energy barrier and see an Elite Zealot standing before me, dressed in full battle armor and with an energy sword handle at his hip.

"The barrier will break even your bones and burn the flesh from your

body", he states as a matter of fact rather than as a warning.

Glaring at him through the barrier I slowly lower my arm and take another step back, turning to face the opposite wall in the same motion. I hear the Elite's mandibles click with approval behind me, when something in my thoughts snaps.

There was no way on Earth or Reach that I would stand down to one of these animals. Not entirely understanding my actions or even remotely the consequences that they would bring about, I coiled my muscles and spun around, raising my right leg in to an immensely powerful round house kick that could easily take the Elite's head off his shoulders. At the same time I could hear and see everything; this was entirely normal when I went in to "Spartan time" as it is known.

However, this time, there was also an entirely new sense, I could feel the pure energy of the entire ship, from the Slip drive, to the barrier in front of me, and even energy emitted by the Elite. Time slowed even further as my foot approached the barrier and the red energy came in to view as I rotated. I could feel the solidified energy in the barrier and knew the Elite had not lied, if my foot hit it I would break it with the force I had put behind the kick, even with my Spartan-enhanced skeletal structure.

Suddenly, something just clicked in my mind and feeling the pulse of energy from the barrier, I pushed back, and one second the barrier was there, the next it had vanished. I was so shocked that I let my weight shift too soon and my foot simply met the Elite's jaws with a nasty *crack*, and a bone jarring thud rather than my intended decapitation.

The Elite's head snapped back and it fell to the floor in a heap, unconscious and with one of his mandibles hanging loosely and the other entirely removed by the force of my kick. For a split second I just stand in my now open cell pondering how this could have happened; I can still feel the flow of energy on the ship but it is slowly fading.

Time snaps back to normal speed and I start to move, I need a weapon, my armor, and to find out where exactly I am onboard the ship. "I wish I knew what had caused the barrier to collapse, the look on the Elite's split face was priceless", I thought to myself, still not making the connection between feeling the energy and the barrier's collapse.

Seeing the Elite's energy sword handle now lying next to him I pick it up, attempt to power it on and see what kind of charge it has left. Having used them in the past I judge it to only hold a third of a full charge, enough in an emergency but it won't hold out for long in full combat, especially when it comes in contact with shields.

The two grunts at the end of the hall have only just noticed my situation and seconds later start yelling and begin to run in the opposite direction. Knowing they will alert the rest of the covies on board I sprint down the corridor and reach them before either has taken more than four steps. Activating my sword, as I again feel the ship's energy flow beneath my feet, I take one Grunt's head off with the first swing and, careful to avoid the methane tank; stab the

other through both its hearts at the same time.

As both bodies slump to the floor I watch the sword flicker, barely holding a charge. Not wanting to lose my best and only weapon just yet, I power it down and quickly search the Grunts for any other weapons. I was in luck, one had been carrying a needler.

After shoving the bodies in to an extremely convenient storage room, I realize yet again just how vulnerable I am without my armor and make finding it my top priority. Quickly and silently I make my way to the far end of the corridor. I listen for any signs that there are any Covies down the next passage and hearing none I continue along my way. My assumption is that my armor is being held either in cargo storage or the Armory.

The latter is far more likely, but knowing that it will be heavily guarded causes me to pause in hesitation. As a Spartan you can have little fear, but the idea of attacking heavily armed Elites guarding an armory with no back-up or armor, and aboard their own ship no less, has even me questioning my own sanity. "Heck, that's nothing new, you've done stuff at least as bad as this since the start of the Sintanal project", I think silently.

Creeping slowly through the corridors, I am amazed that no one has noticed my absence or the unconscious Zealot in the prison wing. However, I am slowed to a crawl as I hide more and more often from Jackal patrols. I listen closely for any indication that they know of my escape but can understand nothing of their harsh shrieking language.

I am sure though that I must be nearing my goal and decide to speed up progress. After another patrol has passed, I decide to attempt to access one of the many control panels I have seen in the halls and see what kind of havoc I can wreak. Although this is certain to alert them to the fact that I have escaped, it is bound to happen soon and I'd much rather have them come on my own terms rather than theirs.

As I activate the terminal and see the mostly incomprehensible scribbles, I can't help but think how much easier this would be if I still had my AI, Samuel. Shaking my head, "Forget that, you need to concentrate on here and now. Alright, let's see how much of this I can still understand." Recognizing several symbols, I begin to work my way deeper into the system, the language coming back with a vengeance now.

Eventually, after hacking my way through several very important security protocols I am faced with a screen that reads, "Lock down slip space drive? Yes/No", but equally important is the manifest in the bottom corner that reads, Destination: Sanheilios.

Shuddering at the thought of why they would be taking me there, I enter a scrambling command before authorizing the slip-space drive shut down. Suddenly, I realize that I was too involved in my work at the terminal to notice a figure appear behind me.

Spinning around, I come face to face with an Elite Major. "Well shit", I think before I lash out in an attempt to distract him, if only for a few seconds.

I manage to take him by surprise but that does not last long, he immediately retaliates with a swift kick to my chest. In my attempt to dodge though his elbow hits me on the side of my head, hard. Momentarily stunned I back up towards the open space of the hall.

Distracted, I realize that I can yet again feel the energy in the ship, building to catastrophic levels in the slip drive, but this time is something different. Now I can ****SEE**** it, the Elite's chest and head glow a faint yellow color, and looking down at myself I see that I appear bright, brilliant blue.

I look back at the Major just in time to see his fist connect with my face, before tumbling over backwards, "Damn, these things get stronger every time", I mutter. Glancing back at the Elite with a smirk, I say, "You might want to hold on to something", knowing what will come next.

The Slip drive has reached its maximum power level and quite possibly exceeded it. The massive energy source glows a violent green, so bright that I can see it even through the walls. It thrums in my chest, my heart matching its pulsing before the energy explodes outward with unbelievable force, so strong it throws me against the wall and the world around me begins to dim and flicker.

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><p>Alright guys, PLEASE tell me what you think. I greatly appreciate Any and All reviews, including spelling errors.

****Untill next time...****

End
file.